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GIRL KIDNAPED BY MYSTERIOUS WOMEN

Dressed in Black and Heavily Veiled They Enter School-room and Grab Child.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Entering without knocking into the Richfield school-room just before recess time, two tall women dressed in deep black and heavily veiled, kidnaped from the room Blanche Barker, eleven years old, while the teacher and the excited children looked on in astonishment.

The two black-clad women appeared suddenly in the schoolroom just as the children were rising from their seats for the recess period. Their long veils completely hid their faces. Looking



Shrank Back Frightened.

quickly about the room, they spied little Blanche sitting back in a corner. They hurried toward her.

"Blanche, come with us," commanded the older and taller woman. The little girl shrank back, frightened.

"No, no; I don't know you," she cried.

Then the little schoolma'am intervened. "Leave the child alone," she ordered. "She doesn't know you. You mustn't take her."

The tall woman turned in fury, according to Miss Thayer.

"Keep your nose out of this," she commanded, sharply. "This is our affair, not yours."

Without another word, the two women made for the child, took her between them and started for the door. But the school teacher, highly indignant, stood in the way. She seized the little girl and attempted to hold her back. But the two women were too strong for her. Some of the children, excited by the struggle, started to cry.

The school teacher, despairing of retaining the child, turned her attention to the older woman. She seized her black veil, lifted it, and gazed full into her face.

Jerking the veil down, the woman turned back to the child, rushed with the other woman out the door, put the screaming child into a waiting touring car, and the three drove off behind the crippled driver, down Thirty-fourth avenue south, toward the open country.

Deputy sheriffs under Sheriff Earle Brown and the city police scoured the city and surrounding country, but found no trace of them.

Little Blanche Barker is the ward of Mrs. E. M. Chandler of Minneapolis. For six years previous to coming to live with Mrs. Chandler she lived in San Francisco, Cal., with Mrs. Bertha Barker.

Wants Thief to Get Rest of His Clarinet

San Diego.—"If you won't send back my clarinet, let me have your address so that I may send you the mouthpiece to the same," reads a newspaper advertisement inserted here by W. C. Watt, sailor on a ship here. His mouthpieceless instrument was stolen aboard ship.

Giant Sweet Potato.

A sweet potato weighing 20 pounds, grown by J. J. Paubio, an Indian, was shown at a recent Escondido (Cal.) exhibition.

She is Beginning Very Young.



'HIS GREATEST SACRIFICE' WILLIAM FOX PRODUCTION

William Farnum is the reason Lorna Volare, the bright little girl in the star's new picture, "His Greatest Sacrifice" has started vamping so early. Mr. Farnum, it is said, has a wonderful picture and Lorna is an eight year old child who gives him wonderful support. "His Greatest Sacrifice" is a William Fox production, just released.



'KNOW YOUR MEN' WILLIAM FOX PRODUCTION

The Kiddies all Love Pearl White



PEARL WHITE, FOX STAR, AS KIDDIES' HOSTESS

It was a happy day for dozens of children from West 56 St.; New York's champion anti-race suicide section; near the mammoth William Fox studios, when Pearl White, the Fox star, closed her Long Island summer home to move into the city. Her little admirers went by automobile to her home where the day was spent in games and gorging. Ice cream cones were the favorite outdoor sport.

Off Again, On Again

By EDNA KENT FORBES

PRETTY ARMS

UP TO the age of eighteen or nineteen, a girl need not worry if her arms are too thin or too fat—unless they are an extreme of either condition—for up to that time the body is maturing, and may easily be too fat or too thin in itself. And the arm gains or loses in proportion to its weight. Most of the men who sit by scales and weigh you free if they cannot guess your weight within a few pounds, take hold of the arm and feel its size before stating the weight.

The best way to have beautiful arms is to exercise them. Massage and creams may help some, but exercise is certain to develop the lovely lines so much desired. Plain household tasks

For their dear sakes who thus believed in me I am compelled by gratitude to be All that I might have been upon this earth Had fortune smiled her sweetest at my birth.

Now those two reasons, and some more that I Can't now recall, explain succinctly why I do the best I can to make success Of my small part in this great mundane mess.

Red Hair.

Some people admire red hair, and others have it. Red-headed people are better looking than other people, if they are.

"Some are ugly as mud fences." The horse dealer calls red-headed people sorrel.

The cattle men call them Devons or Durhams.

The hog-men call them Durocs.

Ornithologists call them woodpeckers.

The dog men call them Irish setters.

The poultry men call them Rhode Island reds.

The artists call them Titians.

And there you are.

But all the time there are a few people around town, including the possessor of the pink foliage, who know they are plain red-heads.

We once knew a girl who was so red-headed that the underwriters raised the insurance rate on her father's frame-dwelling.

We also knew a young man who couldn't use anything but asbestos pillow-cases.

And once when he tried to take an egg-shampoo the odor of scorching omelette was almost unbearable.

This boy finally got a job in a large city, standing in a gas-ditch in a busy street at night and letting his head stick out.

Red-headed people are supposed to be quicker-tempered than other folks.

Our observation is that this is absolutely true, except for brown-haired or black-haired, white-haired or bald or tow-headed people.

We do not know why red hair is a joke.

But it is.

Otherwise we should never have written this and you wouldn't have read it.

Sucker!

What the Sphinx Says

By NEWTON NEWKIRK.

"Honesty among a certain percentage of business men went out of fashion with the minut."



Careless With Money

Few men are careless with actual cash, but many men do not stop to think that the checks and notes they give out represent money and that fraudulent alteration of a check may mean a serious loss. Protect yourself by using paper that betrays alteration—

Paper. We can tell you more about it and show you how we can protect your cash, your checks, notes, drafts, and receipts.

Beauty Chats

By EDNA KENT FORBES

PRETTY ARMS

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Every Young Girl Wants Pretty Arms to Show Off.

will make the arms beautiful, making beds, sweeping, kneading bread or beating cake, are all exercises that tend to make the arms well developed. Such tasks should be done with quick movements; sluggish movements are not exercises at all.

Swimming is good for the arms, of course, rowing, canoeing, and all outdoor sports will make the arms pretty. Anything which makes the arms move quickly in varying directions, which flexes and relaxes the muscles, is a good arm exercise. Holding the arms doubled up, the hand in fist, and tightening the upper arm muscles, is still another good exercise.

It is such a pleasure to own pretty arms and to be able to wear sleeveless dresses, that every woman will feel repaid for any trouble she goes to, to improve her arms.

(Copyright.)

When the conversation lags one can safely start an argument for more building.

Those Turkish nationalists are right up to date—they want help from the United States.

The statement that Vienna wants more American books possibly refers to bank books.

Before beginning a new war, a nation ought to figure out how much it is going to cost.

The U. S. A. may be first in war and peace, but it's in the ruck when it comes to education.

One reason why we get so few facts from Russia is that most people escape with only their lives.

One dollar will buy 19,000 Bolshevik paper rubles. So that is where the wood pulp has gone!

With that new gun capable of shooting 200 miles, France is all dressed up, with no place to go.

Another reason why men don't go back to the farm is that it cost them all they had to get away.

The silk shirt is as dangerous as the red flag.

The best remedy for unemployment is a job.

An optimist is a pessimist's idea of a pessimist.

At last the hens have heard that prices are coming down.

Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST

LOST ARGUMENTS.

When in my wisdom I have said That it is time to go to bed Or crossed their wills with rules and laws There comes a pout, and then a pause, And then an argument ensues In which it seems I always lose.

When I announce that too much pie Is bad for them, they ask me: "Why?" And when I start to prove my case They taunt me to my very face, And in debate, in which they're strong, They soon convince me I am wrong.

Time was my judgment they'd accept All my commands they bravely kept, But now they've reached the reasoning age, The answering back and questioning stage;

Their little minds are keen and swift While helplessly I seem to drift.

No mere command with them will go The reason why they want to know, They wear me out. They argue back And puncture with their sure attack The case I've made, 'til with a grin I end their talk by giving in.

'Twould drive a great logician wild To argue with a healthy child. A thinking boy of four or five Could floor the wisest man alive, And any bright-eyed little girl Can set the calmest brain awild.

And yet I'm glad those madcap elves Are daily thinking for themselves, I'm glad they have opinions strong On what is right and what is wrong, And oh, I hope, when older grown, In life's debates they'll hold their own.

(Copyright by Edgar A. Guest.)



MILITANT MARY
If I could find Time's ruthless clock, I'd turn it back a BIT To one proposal I recall AND RECONSIDER IT!
—E. Fitzhugh—

Cat "Adopted" Rat.

A lady author, Miss Frances Pitt, tells a Canadian newspaper that she once gave a baby rat to a cat whose kittens had gone out by the waterway. She nursed the little thing, washed it, and treated it in every way as a kitten. The rat learned to know Miss Pitt as a friend, and became, she says, "one of the tamest creatures I have ever known." It proved a most amusing family pet for nearly two years.



You Can't Drive a Nail With an Apple

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